

## AFTER THE KINGLY MOOSE

GOOD SHOOTING NOW IN NEW BRUNSWICK WICK WILDS.

**American Sportsmen Among the Most Successful of Those in the Quest of the Antelope**  
**Good Luck—Five-Ton Heads Are Scarce**  
FREDERICTON, N. B., Oct. 25.—Lee, that half of the open season for the game trophies in this province has elapsed, and the big horns already are being sent to the States and Canada. The most impressive mowing piece. Even the remarkable percentage of success noted in 1908 has been surpassed. It is estimated that more than 95 per cent. of those who came to New Brunswick to hunt antelope have been successful in securing their prize. The large number of moose killed the past three seasons, while not apparently affecting the supply, has clearly led to a diminution of record heads. It is the big bulls that show the most eagerness to be killed. The result is that while the four-foot heads seem to be as numerous as ever, the five-foot head is a rarity indeed. Up to the present time only one moose has been killed this year with a spread of horns of five feet or more. The trophy of the late Capt. Saunders of Woodstock was the result of a four days' hunt up the left hand branch of the Tobique. The exact measurement of the horns was 5 feet 2 inches. The usual number of horns, one on each side, are recorded. It may be safely said of moose hunting in general that

tertainly B. D. C. Fockett of New York writes faithfully for his moose for ten days in the region of the Adirondacks. He writes that the animal was not the actual animal failed to materialize upon a sunny afternoon when, like a statue of ebony against a background of green, Mr. Fockett's moose was revealed from the shadowy perspective of the road. Mr. Fockett aimed carefully for the place where the moose was supposed to be, but the animal was not there. He had unaccountably failed to place a cartridge in the barrel. After the click of the hammer the moose started. Mr. Fockett then shoved in a cartridge from the magazine and hastily fired. Scrutiny of the ground revealed blood on the ground. Fockett then shot the animal showing that the bullet had passed clear through his body. The trail was followed eagerly. After a time, however, he became lost among the tracks of other moose. He heard signs ceased and both guide and sportsman gave up the search. A week later he learned that a local physician, Dr. Morehouse, while hunting in the same locality, had come upon the moose, stone dead. The head was a handsome one and it is pleasing to record that the physician had not time in forwarding the trophy

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For that few sportsmen can richly claim credit for that of having caught as well as shot his moose. The hunter went out one afternoon alone on a small beaver meadow in the Indian country, and about sundown heard the moose come bawling, smashing the trees at intervals, and reached the edge of the meadow at last, while the breathless hunter awaited his coming. Fearing to sound the horn at so short a distance, he waited until the animal came close and sidled the water about like a wading antelope. That brought the bull with a rush, until its form could be seen in relief against the clouded sky. Then he sprang, and the moose, in the excitement while the mystified moose nerved his desperate leap, instead of showing himself a champion, laid himself flat on the ground, and a swirl of human scent, stole away like a phantom. The hunter, crossed the brook to Mr. Talcott's place and, finding the moose had not been there, returned. Mr. Talcott went back to the same place, and in half an hour called the moose up again. He was there about half seven o'clock, and the moose came and stood his feet seven inches in the

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While making the journey to Washington on a National road, just after his nomination as candidate for the Presidency, he was traveling a stormy night, wrapped up in a huge cloak, and with a single candle in his hand, when two assassins entered. They were Kentuckians, he himself. He felt asleep, and when he awoke and then discussing his chances in the coming election.

"When did Henry Clay go into politics for?" said one. "He had a good bit of land; he had an eye for stock. If he had stuck to stock-keeping he had been worth his fifty thousand."

"And," the great Kentuckian used to add, "the word it was, every word of it was true."

It was characteristic of the man that at the last of his life he was still a Kentuckian, that he lost no opportunity to recognize him and be mortified by their unintentional rudeness.